

CHANDAMAMA

MARCH 1987



FRANZ

Turn to Page 24
for the story of
"GAUTAMA—The Father
of Logic"



Somany-Pilkington's Wall Tiles add enduring beauty to your bathroom. They are hygienic, washable, and are available in many designs and colours, including gleaming white. And the sanitaryware made by Hindustan Sanitaryware & Industries Limited and Soma Metal Fittings by Soma Plumbing Fixtures Limited go beautifully with Somany-Pilkington's Wall Tiles.

Your
Trump Card
for beautiful
bathrooms



**SOMANY-PILKINGTON'S
LIMITED**

A sister concern of Hindustan Sanitaryware



**HINDUSTAN SANITARYWARE
& INDUSTRIES LIMITED**

Makers of India's largest selling, largest exported bathroom equipment.



**Soma Plumbing
Fixtures Limited**

A wholly owned subsidiary of Hindustan Sanitaryware

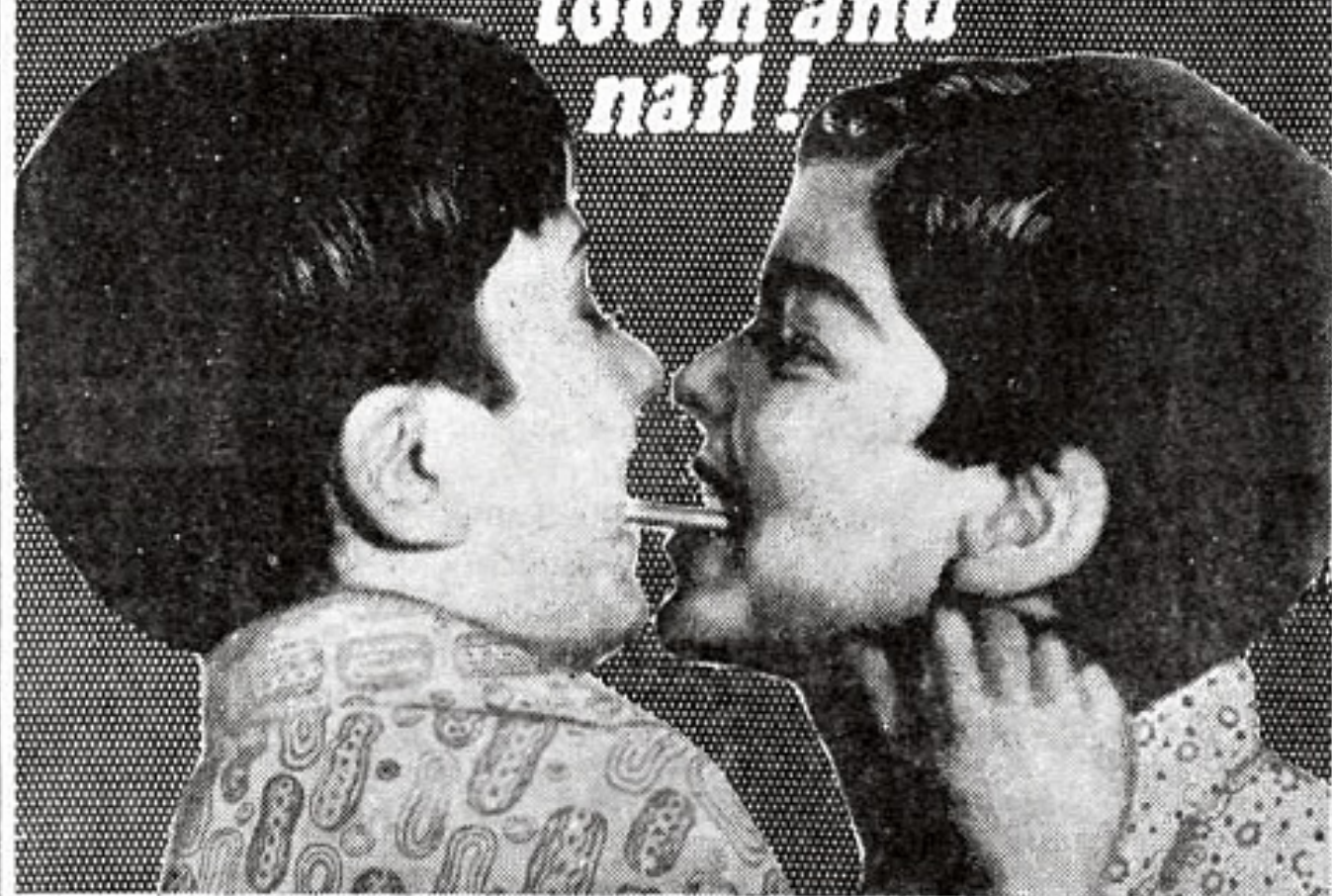
FREE

Write for the
illustrated colour
folder "A guide
to Beautiful
Bathrooms"—and
plan bathrooms
to your exact
requirement.

2, Red Cross Place, Calcutta-600 001

naa, SPL-7524

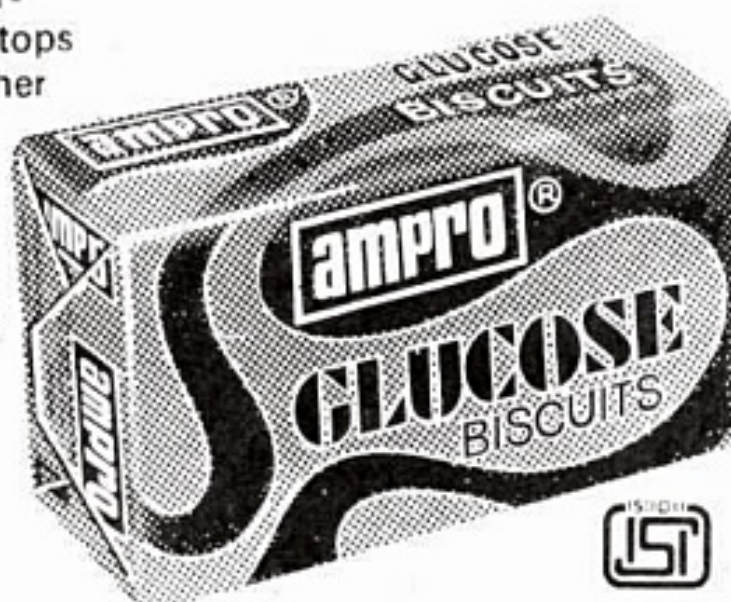
**fun to
fight for it...
tooth and
nail!**



Finished twelve and going on thirteen?
Then, there's as much trouble
ahead as fun. With teenage, the
trouble starts. With Ampro's thir-
teenth biscuit, the fun. And it tops
off all the satisfaction of the other
twelve biscuits shared equally
between the twosome here.

Just try a pack today

ampro®
GLUCOSE BISCUITS



aa-afp-6676

READ IN THIS ISSUE

LEGENDS AND HISTORY

ARUNI'S EDUCATION—The Profile of a student of
ancient India—in the Illustrated Series
—The Story of India
Page 9

OUT TO SELL A STONE—A Legend of India
Page 19

GAUTAMA—The Father of Logic
—In the Builders of India
Page 24

A STORY FROM THE CANTERBURY TALES
—In the Series on Great Books
Page 34

STORIES

How do you Know ... Page 13
The Case of the Lost Ring ... Page 15
The Reward Rejected ... Page 27
The Most Popular Poet ... Page 31
A Trial for the Bridegroom ... Page 37
Time allowed to run its Course! ... Page 49
A Strange content in the Bottle ... Page 51
The Mysterious Mendicant ... Page 55

OTHER FEATURES

Golden Words of Yore ... Page 6
Veer Hanuman ... Page 43
Monuments of India ... Page 59
Tales Behind
Proverbs and Phrases ... Page 60
Do Giants Exist?—
Your Question Answered ... Page 61
A Tale that wants a Title ... Page 62
Photo Caption Contest ... Page 63





CHANDAMAMA

Vol. 7

MARCH 1977

No. 9

Founder : CHAKRAPANI

THE MAKING OF TRUE MAN

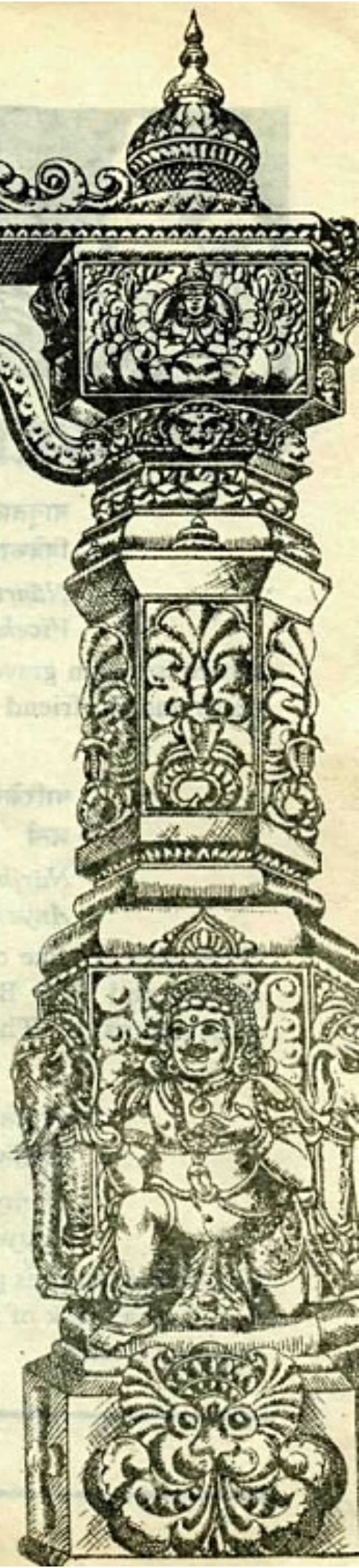
Among the series of questions Yaksha asked Yudhisthira (as narrated in the **Mahabharata**), one was: "Who is one's best friend when one is abroad?"

"It is one's education," answered King Yudhisthira.

Great importance was given to the right sort of education in the India of yore. And the subject is no less important today. Although the society still gives much value to the academic degree, a time has come when everybody in his heart knows that the mere degree does not make a man truly educated. To turn out clerks or magistrates or engineers cannot be the basic aim of education. The true education aims at the making of true man—first and foremost.

Learning many things and gathering much information have no doubt their place, but as Prof. B. F. Skinner puts it, "Education is what survives when what has been learnt has been forgotten."

Such conclusions at which some of the best minds of our time have arrived, were common truths for the educationists of ancient India. And that is the truth the story of Aruni illustrates. When sincerity and a self-forgetting spirit of sacrifice which are the marks of a noble mind were evident in him, the guru declared that he had completed his education.





GOLDEN WORDS OF YORE

नानुतात् पातकं किञ्चित् न सत्यात् सुकृतं परम् ।

विवेकान् न परो बन्धुरिति वेदविदो विदुः ॥

Nāṇtāt pātakam kiñcit na satyāt sukṛtam param

Vivekān na paro bandhūrityi vedavido viduḥ.

There is no sin graver than falsehood; no noble deed greater than adhering to truth and no friend greater than one's own conscience.

The Samayochita Padyamalika

नारिकेलसमाकारा दृश्यन्तेऽपि हि सज्जनाः ।

अन्ये बदरिकाकारा बहिरेव मनोहराः ॥

Nārikelasamākārā dṛśyante'pi hi sajjanāḥ

Anye badarikākārā bahireva manoharāḥ.

Good men are like coconuts. (They outwardly look hard though their hearts are rich and soft.) But there are others who look as attractive as jujube fruits only externally. (They are hard in their hearts.)

The Hitopadeshah

प्रेरयति परमनार्यः शक्तिविहीनोऽपि जगदभिद्रोहे ।

तेजयति शस्त्रधारां स्वयमसमर्था शिला छेत्तुम् ॥

Prerayati paramanāryaḥ śaktivihino'pi jagabhidrohe

Tejayati śastradhārām svayamsamarthā śilā chettum.

If a wicked fellow is powerless to do mischief himself, he instigates others to do it, just as a block of stone whets the edge of the sword though it cannot cut a thing by itself.

The Subhasitaratnabhandagaram

CHANDAMAMA/BALSARA

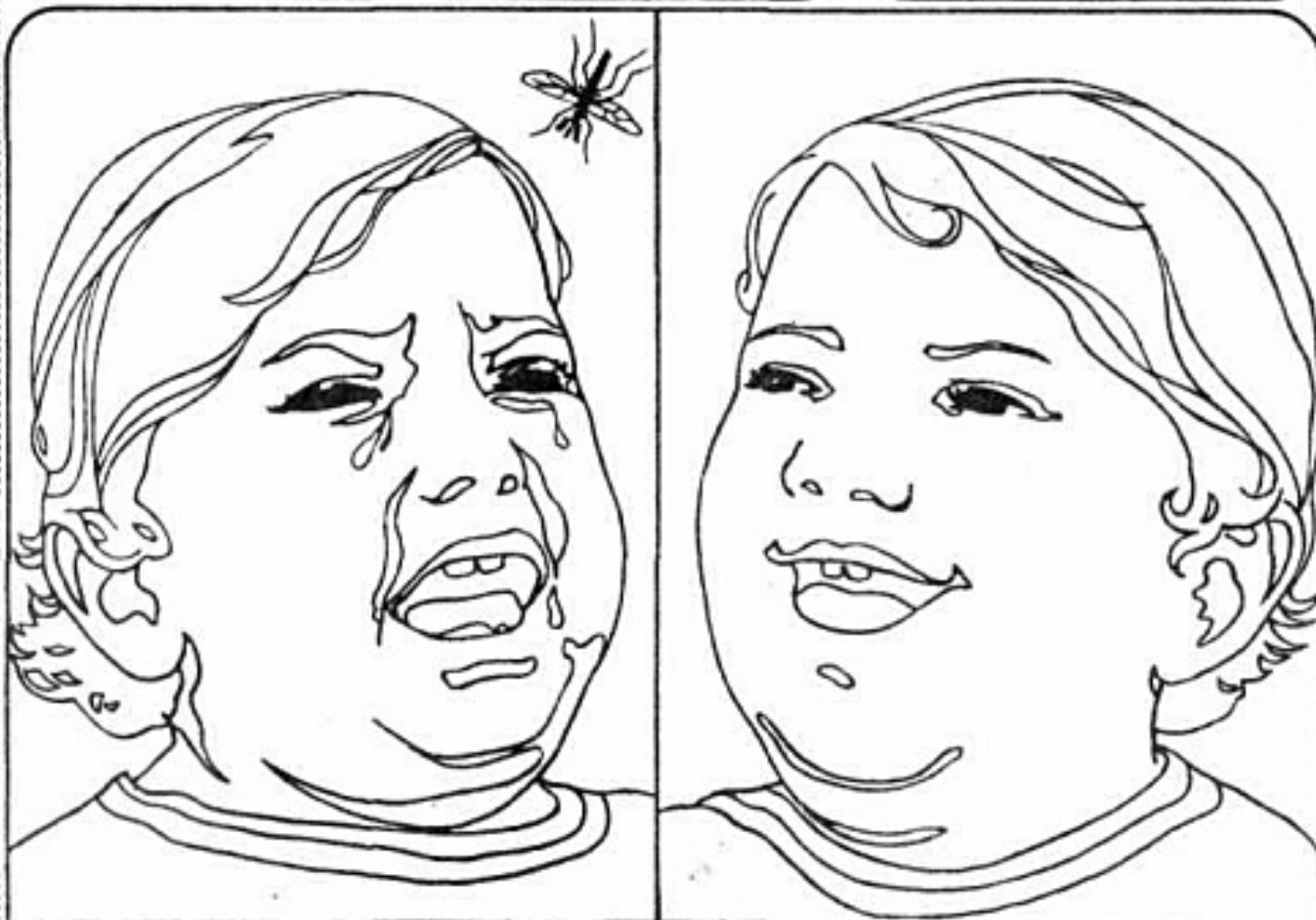
Odomos

COLOURING CONTEST

50 PRIZES TO BE WON!

Two 1st prizes: Rs. 25 each
Three 2nd prizes: Rs. 10 each
Twenty 3rd prizes: Rs. 5 each
plus 25 Merit Certificates

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE



Colour the above picture and send in your entry to CHANDAMAMA/BALSARA'S-ODOMOS COLOURING CONTEST, POST BOX NO. 6121, BOMBAY 400 005.

Every entry must be accompanied by the top flap from a carton of Balsara's ODOMOS.

Remember, only children up to the age of 16 can participate. The results will be final and no correspondence regarding the same will be considered.

Name: _____ Age: _____

Address: _____

Send entries before 31st March '77.

Fill in the above details.

You can paint this picture in any colour you like.

SEND THIS FLAP



Balsara's Odomos Mosquito Repellent

CHAITRA-BLS-141

Money means everything to
you...Anand...isn't it?...

You've got what you wanted...



a towering palace...an air-
conditioned car...a five-star hotel...

you've given all the luxuries of
life to your family...



but why you're so sad...Anand?
Isn't it what you wanted?



B. NAGI REDDI
places the camera
close to the inner mind
of a man in

Yehi Hai ENTIMAN COLOR BY FILM CENTRE ZINDAGI

A CLOSE-UP OF A MAN'S INNERSELF—
THE CONFLICT BETWEEN HIS EGO AND HIS FULFILMENT

Director: K.S.SETHUMADHAVAN Dialogues: INDER RAJ ANAND
Lyrics: ANAND BAKSHI Music: RAJESH ROSHAN



A FILM BY VIJAYA
PRODUCTIONS PVT LTD

ARUNI'S EDUCATION

In days gone by, the ashrams of the rishis were also the schools where kings and commoners sent their boys for education. The students spent years in the ashrams, which stood on charming spots in the forests, far from the crowds.



The versatile guru taught the pupil according to the latter's interest and capacity. The princes could learn statecraft and even military art, whereas one preparing to become a priest gave more time to scriptures.



The concept of education was wide. Physical work was a part of education. Even the princes had to labour and learn humility. Done in the right spirit, work helped to develop the consciousness.



One such ashram was run by Dhoumya, a well-known rishi. One night, a terrible storm lashed the forest. Thunder-claps were heard continuously. There was heavy downpour.

Dhoumya had a piece of land where the crop was in the greening stage. Near his field was a pond. He was afraid that the pond might overflow into his field and destroy the crop. He woke up Aruni, a student, and ordered him to go and watch the situation.



Aruni lost no time. He braved the storm and ran towards the field. It was not easy to proceed in the darkness. But the guru's order was more valuable and sacred to Aruni than his own life.

On arriving in the field, Aruni saw water rushing into it through a breach in the bund that separated it from the pond. He tried to repair the breach by throwing earth into it.



His efforts failed to stop the flow of water. Rather, the breach seemed to widen as minutes passed. In order to prevent the situation from worsening, Aruni took a quick decision. He lay down on the breach. His body served as a wall.

The storm subsided before it was dawn. The guru was worried because Aruni had failed to return although a long time had passed. He woke up a few other pupils.





The guru and his pupils soon reached the field. They called out for Aruni. But there was no response. They searched here and there with great anxiety.

Before long they discovered Aruni, lying in a senseless condition. They lifted him up and carried him to the ashram. It was nearly morning. The pupils together repaired the bund.



After Aruni regained his consciousness, the guru said, "My child! You had learnt the scriptures and other lessons all to my satisfaction. Today you have satisfied me with your action which was the result of a noble consciousness. Your education is complete. I bless you."

Aruni, in due time, emerged as a rishi.



“HOW DO YOU KNOW?”

In a certain village lived an old teacher who was known to the people around him as a wise man. Being very old, he no more taught in a school. However, if any of the villagers faced a difficult problem, he came to the old man for a solution.

But the old man's conduct was often queer as were his words. People just kept quiet if what he said sounded like a riddle. As time passed, the meaning of the riddle became clear.

The old man had a young grandson. One day the grandson bought a horse from the market. He loved the horse very much and fed it well and

played with it. When it appeared quite tame, he took it into a field for riding.

“Sir, your grandson is lucky. What a nice horse he has got!” said one of the villagers to the old man.

“How did you know that he was lucky?” asked the old man. The villager kept quiet.

In the evening the young man returned home, alone. He looked utterly dejected. It was because his horse, on reaching the field, had run away into a forest which was on the other side of the field. For the whole day the young man wandered in the forest looking for the lost horse. But there was no

trace of the animal.

"What an unlucky boy!" observed a villager before the old man.

"How do you know that he was unlucky?" asked the old man.

Next day the horse returned to his young master with half a dozen more horses from the forest. The villagers rejoiced at this. The young man fed all the horses and fondled them.

"What a lucky guy!" said someone.

"How do you know that he was lucky?" asked the old man.

The young man spent his time riding the horses, one after another, to his heart's content. A week passed. One day, while galloping down a slope, he fell from his horse and was injured. Some villagers noticed him and carried him home. All felt sorry

and one of them said, "What an unlucky youth!"

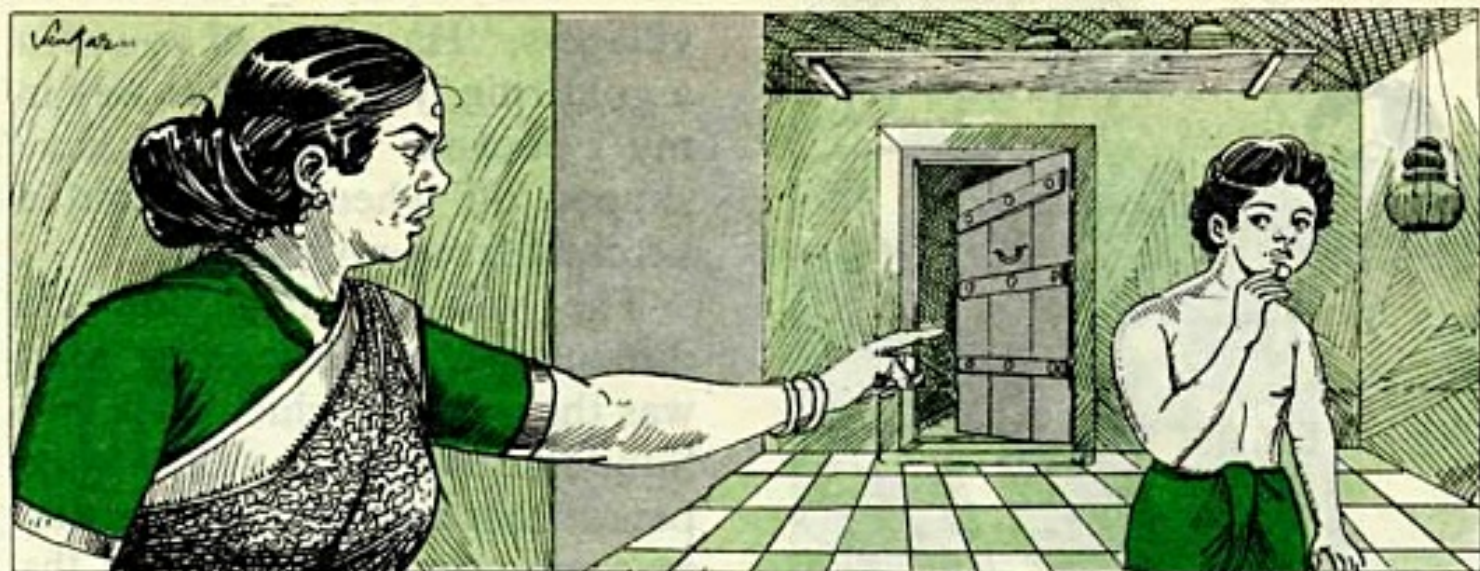
"How did you know that he was unlucky?" asked the old teacher.

This time many were surprised. "His only grandson is injured and the old man is not sure if that was bad luck enough! His mind has stopped functioning properly," said some of them.

But hardly an hour had passed when the king's officers arrived in the village and summoned all the young men. A war had broken out with a neighbouring land and all the able-bodied young men were required to go to the battlefield.

The one young man who was not troubled by the officers was the old teacher's grandson, for, he was found injured.





The Case of The Lost Ring

The little Ramesh was playing on the village road. Something glittering lying in the dust attracted his attention. He picked it up. It was a ring. Ramesh tried it on his fingers. But, no, it was too big even for his thumb!

Ramesh kept on gazing at the ring, but did not know what to do with it.

Subodh, a shop-keeper, seated on his veranda, observed what Ramesh was doing.

"Hello, little one," he called the boy and said, "What are you going to do with that useless thing? Hand that over to me. In exchange I give you a *luddoo*, the best of sweetmeats from my shop."

Ramesh's face brightened up. The ring changed hands. Ramesh went away running to his home with his prize.

Hardly had he set his teeth on the *luddoo* when his mother, Lata, saw him.

"Wherefrom did you pinch that?" she demanded.

"Why should I pinch? Did not Uncle Subodh give it to me for a certain useless thing?" answered Ramesh with a big bite of the *luddoo* in his mouth.

Lata was surprised. She knew the miserly Subodh too well to believe that he should give away a sweetmeat for nothing. Through a great deal of questioning she found out what had happened.



At once she went out for confronting Subodh.

"A gold ring for a *luddoo*, is it? How cheap things have become indeed! Now, if you wish your face to remain unscratched, return my son's ring," she shouted.

"What do you mean, Ramesh's mother? What do I know of the ring? Did I not give away a *luddoo* to your son out of sheer love? Must you heap abuses on me in return?" replied Subodh.

As both quarrelled, a number of villagers gathered around them. Soon a stranger arrived on the scene and asked the

villagers, "Have any of you seen a gold ring lying here? It was in my pocket. It must have slipped off when I took out a kerchief from my pocket."

The villagers had now no difficulty in understanding what was the issue on which Lata and Subodh quarrelled. They whispered their advice to the gentleman who now demanded of the quarrelling two, "Do not waste your energy. The ring is mine. Give it back to me."

Lata and Subodh looked at each other. The two liars immediately united in a bid to hoodwink the gentleman.

"What ring are you speaking of? We are quarrelling about the price of a sweetmeat which my son bought from this man," said Lata.

"That is right. She thinks I gave her son two sweetmeats for the price of one!" said Subodh.

"How strange are these fellows!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Come to the headman of your village."

The headman was a clever man. Through repeated questions and threats, he obliged Subodh and Lata to confess all about the ring. Both had to pay fines and Subodh deposited

the ring with the headman.

After they dispersed, the gentleman told the headman, "Thank you, sir, now be pleased to restore the ring to me."

"Well, well, how can I do that? Tomorrow someone else might come to claim it! How do I know for certain that it is yours? It must remain with me indefinitely. When I am satisfied that there is no more possibility of anybody else coming to claim it, I will send it to you," said the cunning headman.

The gentleman sighed and left. At night the headman carried the ring to the village goldsmith and said, "Listen, brother, I am in urgent need of some money. That is why I have brought my wife's precious ring to you. Will you buy it for the right price?"

The goldsmith examined the ring and said, "This one no doubt is a costly ring. The stone set on it is in fact diamond. It should fetch you a thousand rupees. But all I have in cash at the moment is a couple of hundred rupees. How can I buy it?"

"You give me now whatever amount you have. Take time to arrange for the rest. I will meet you after a few days," said



the headman and he departed with two hundred rupees, beaming with joy, after requesting the goldsmith not to pass a word to anybody about the transaction.

But, after a few days, when he asked the goldsmith for the balance, the goldsmith flatly denied having bought any ring from him.

The headman had never dreamed that someone could be daring enough to deceive him. He flared up, but when no threat succeeded in making the goldsmith pay the money, he went to the king and lodged a complaint.

The goldsmith was summoned to the court. Before the king he confessed having bought the ring from the headman.

"You must pay the headman his due, besides paying a fine," said the king.

"My lord! The headman's due is heavy punishment," said the goldsmith and he narrated the history of the ring. It had been made by none other than himself for a gentleman whose wife was going on a pilgrimage. Thinking that it would not be safe for her to wear her original ring when on a journey, the gentleman had ordered for an imitation to be made. While carrying it home he lost it and then began the drama!

"My lord! The gentleman to whom it truly belongs is present here," the goldsmith concluded and pointed at a courtier. The

king asked the courtier and learnt that what the goldsmith said was true.

"In any case, you were trying to cheat the headman, isn't that so?" the king asked the goldsmith.

"My lord, if that were my motive why should I give him two hundred rupees for an imitation ring which hardly cost twenty rupees? I quoted him a good price so that he will be furious when I later refused to pay the bigger part of it. That will make him complain to you. That is what I wanted so that I could tell you all about his mischief. He has tyrannised over our people for a long time," answered the goldsmith.

All the villagers echoed in one voice what the goldsmith said. The king punished the headman and rewarded the goldsmith.





LEGENDS AND PARABLES OF INDIA

OUT TO SELL A STONE

At the foot of a hill lived a sage. A brook flowed by and the forest beyond it abounded in sweet fruits.

The sage had a number of disciples around him. They studied scriptures and learnt how to do yoga under his guidance. Although many more would like to enrol themselves as the sage's disciples, it was not easy for them to do so. The sage initiated a man only after he stayed in his ashram for two or three years, if not longer. Many who came with the desire to be his disciples lost patience after some time and went away.

But Shekhar was not one of such restless men. He had come

to the sage with the firm determination of turning into his disciple. He had already stayed in the ashram for two years, ungrudgingly doing whatever the guru asked him to do, from tending the cows to sweeping the ashram area. At last he was going to reach his goal. The sage had promised to initiate him on an auspicious day that was not far.

On the appointed day Shekhar woke up long before it was dawn. He bathed in the brook and gathered flowers from the forest and was ready for the ceremony. Soon the day broke and the other inmates of the ashram began doing their daily chores. Shekhar went near the

sage's hut and peeped in again and again. The sage seemed engrossed in reading some palm-leaves. He had perhaps forgotten all about the ceremony—Shekhar thought.

With a heart full of anxiety and expectation, Shekhar entered the hut and said, "Sir! You promised to initiate me this morning. I am ready. Will you please do the needful now?"

"You are ready, are you? Very well, Come here," said the sage without even lifting up his head from the palm-leaves.

Shekhar went closer to the master. At an indication from the sage, he sat down on the

floor. The sage looked up for a moment and whispered, "Utter the name of Lord Rama!"

Shekhar kept on sitting there, uttering the name of Rama. An hour passed. The guru rose to go to attend some other work.

"Sir, what about initiating me?" asked Shekhar, fumbling.

"You are already initiated, my child, haven't I passed on the *mantra* to you?" the guru replied and went away.

Shekhar felt disappointed. Two years of patient waiting—and all that the guru gave him as the *mantra* was the name of Lord Rama! Who does not know the name? What was



secret or mysterious about it? Shekhar did not say a word about it to anybody, but he kept on looking gloomy.

A week passed. One day the sage called him into his hut and gave him what looked like a small block of white stone. "Take this one to the bazar. Ascertain its price from various merchants. But do not sell it off," was the sage's instruction.

Shekhar at once set out for the bazar and reached there in the morning on the next day. As he entered the busy area of the bazar, he saw a fish-wife opening her basket.

"Will you like to buy this

thing from me?" Shekhar asked her.

The fish-wife looked at Shekhar and his stone with curiosity and then said, "Do you think I have time to waste with a madcap like you? What on earth am I going to do with a worthless stone? What an inauspicious beginning for my day! Begone, unless you wish to buy some of my fresh fish."

Shekhar moved away. A shop keeper had just opened his stationery store. Shekhar held out the stone to him and asked, "How much would you pay for this?"



The shop-keeper took it into his hand and said, "With a bit of whetting, it can become a nice stone to sharpen knives with. I can pay you a rupee for it."

Shekhar took it back and went to a toy-shop. "Will you like to buy it from me?" he asked the shop-keeper.

"This may serve as a crown on the head of one of the big dolls. I can give you five rupees for it," said the shop-keeper.

Shekhar met a few more merchants and they were willing to pay relatively higher prices for the stone for different reasons. At last Shekhar entered a jewellery shop and showed the stone to its owner.

"My God! where on earth did you get this? This is the most precious diamond I have ever seen. Well, I can buy it

for one lakh rupees if you allow me time to arrange the money. I have to sell away all I have to get such a big sum."

Shekhar took back the diamond and returned to the ashram.

"My son!" the sage told addressing Shekhar even before he had reported to him all that passed between himself and the merchants, "The name of Lord Rama is like this diamond. For one who does not know the significance of the word, it has no worth. It is invaluable to one who understands its value. Do you understand?"

Shekhar realised that he had no reason to feel disappointed. Indeed, the guru knew what was necessary for him. He stuck on to the ashram and, in due course emerged as a true yogi under the able guidance of the sage.



THE MENDICANT'S AFFECTION

A rice-merchant and a leather-merchant were travelling to a land which was in the neighbourhood of their own land. One night they took shelter in the cottage of a mendicant. The mendicant received them well, but he seemed particularly well-disposed towards the rice-merchant.

After the merchants made their purchases and arranged to send them to their homes, they met the mendicant again on their way back. This time the mendicant paid greater attention to the leather-merchant.

After they left, a disciple asked the mendicant what caused the change in his attitude.

"When they were going to buy their goods, the rice-merchant wished the neighbouring land to have been blessed with a good harvest. The leather-merchant wished that there was drought so that animals died in large number and he could buy leather cheap. So I was happy with the former. On their way back, the rice-merchant wished the crop to have failed in his homeland so that he could sell his rice at a high price. The leather-merchant wished that the people had enough to eat so that they could afford to buy his leather. Naturally I felt happy with the latter," explained the mendicant.



GAUTAMA-The Father of Logic



At the foot of the Himalayas lived a rishi. He passed most of his time inside a cave, engrossed in deep meditation. He was hardly aware of the sunrise and the sunset, or the rain and the storm. Neither did he realise when one season gave way to another.

No wonder that when it came to walking the road, such a sage should be quite unmindful of the dangers before him. His eyes remained half-closed while his mind was occupied with some great issues of philosophy.

While walking in this fashion, he once fell into a pit. He lay dazed for a moment and then got up. But he was quite angry—angry with his own body! If the eyes could not see the pit, should his feet too have failed to notice it?

It was rather a strange question. One sees with the eyes and not with the feet. But that is so only with the ordinary human beings. He was Gautama, a rishi, who had practised the most severe form of *Brahma-*

charya for a very long time. Consequently he had developed mastery over his limbs. And so great was the mastery that his strong will could at once make a pair of eyes pop out on his feet!

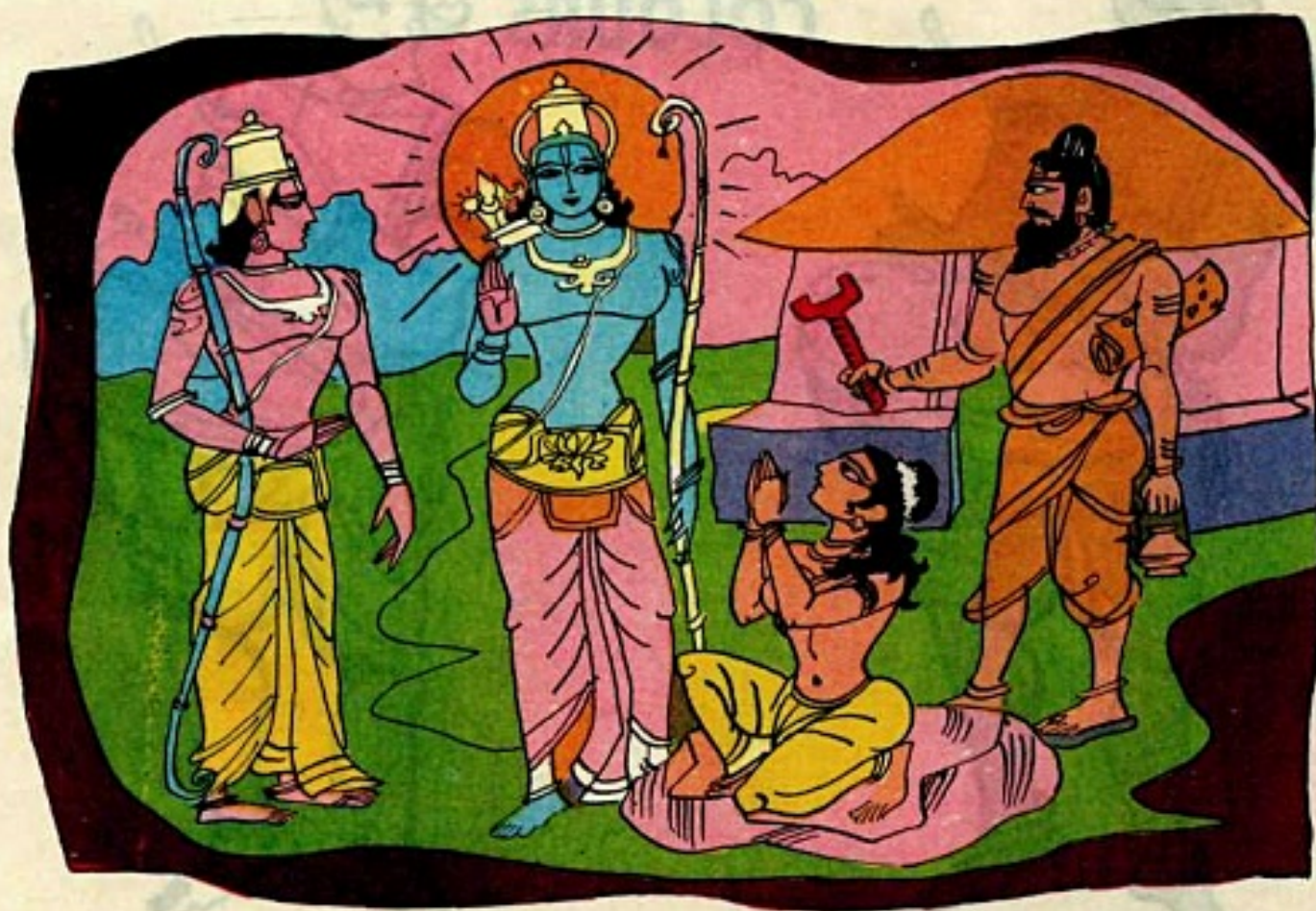
And Gautama walked fearlessly thenceforth. If the eyes on the face did not focus themselves on the road, the eyes on the feet did. No more accident befell the sage.

The story perhaps signifies that a great yogi can arouse sleeping powers in his limbs and can do what might sound fan-

tastic to an ordinary human being.

The more famous legend concerning Gautama is about his curse on his wife. Once displeased with his beautiful wife, Ahalya, he reduced her to a block of stone. She lay in that form for centuries, in the vast forest, the *Dandakaranya*. It was when Rama, the incarnation of Vishnu, trod on her that she sprang back to life and was united with Gautama again.

But Gautama does not live in legends alone. He is considered



the father of Indian logic, for his systematic exposition of ideas, famous as the *Nyaya Sutra*. He drives at the truth, step by step, in a logically convincing manner. For example, he states that every effect has a cause. Whatever produces an effect, exists behind the effect. The world we see must be having an Omniscient Being behind it as the cause of its creation. Thus he proves the existence of God.

Gautama saw 16 basic subs-

tances in the world and he made an investigation into their nature. According to him, in four ways can an object be known: through perception (*Pratyaksha*), Inference (*Anumana*), Comparison (*Upamana*) and Testimony (*Aptavakya*) by the authority.

Gautama knew that the truth can be known by the inner perception. Nevertheless, he wanted to make a proper use of the intellect in man's quest for truth, and showed us the way to do it.

WONDER WITH COLOURS





*New Tales of King Vikram
and the Vampire*

THE REWARD REJECTED!

It was a stormy night. Violent wind shook the trees. In the flashes of the frequent lightnings King Vikram could see terrible faces frowning upon him. He could hear the sound of weird laughter too. But all this could not make him give up his mission.

He reached the old tree and brought down the corpse again. But as soon as he began to walk, the vampire that possessed the corpse said, "O King! You deserve praise for your labour. But, I hope, unlike Shri, you will not choose to give up the reward of your endeavour when it should come to you at last. Let me tell you about Shri. By listening to the story you might find your burden a little lighter." The vampire went on "In the city of Ujjain lived a learned man who was poor. Shri was the name of his daughter. She



was a prodigy. She could remember scriptures and answer questions from them quite spontaneously. Even more remarkable was her capability to compose poems instantly if she was given a suitable topic on which to do so.

Her father presented her before several gatherings of scholars who at once knew her to be a genius. Her fame spread far and wide.

Shri received welcome and reception wherever she went with her father. But she was never proud. She did not stop learning more and more.

As Shri grew up, she became

an exceptionally beautiful maiden. No wonder that several young men should desire to marry a girl who combined in herself brilliant scholarship with unusual charm. But Shri had her own choice. It was Chandrashekhar, a poor young man whom she would like to marry. Shri thought, "The gift of scholarship which God has bestowed on me should bring me some wealth some day. I will then marry Chandrashekhar."

Soon the king of the land heard about the gifted Shri. He invited her to the conference of scholars which he held in his palace annually. In the conference Shri impressed all by her scholarship and modesty. She also excelled all in composing verses instantly on topics given to her on the spot.

The king heaped gifts on her while the elderly scholars blessed her. When the conference was over the king told her, "My daughter, I will like you to stay in the palace as our guest for a few days."

This was the highest honour the king could show to any of his subjects. Shri was advised by her father and other well-wishers to accept the royal hospitality.

Shri was given a luxurious apartment to live. A number of maids were at her back and call. The young prince often discussed with her issues of philosophy and showed great appreciation of her understanding while the princesses played with her and taught her so many games. She accompanied them, on the back of bejewelled elephants, to lakes and temples. She enjoyed the performances of dances, songs and gymnastics sitting with the royal family. She felt that she had been born anew. The memory of hardship in her father's house seemed to fade away from her mind. Several weeks passed. Shri now desired to return to her home. But the members of the royal family were so much affectionate towards her that she found it hard to propose of her departure. The prince particularly showed her much courtesy and seemed to be learning many things from her.

It was a moonlit night. Shri was strolling on the terrace of her apartment when the prince approached her.

"Shri! The night is sweet with moonlight and breeze. Can you recite a verse for it?" asked the prince.



It should not have been a difficult task for Shri. But she fumbled and could not come out even with a line.

"Never mind," said the prince, "there should be the right mood for composing verses. But, I have something more to tell you. I am fascinated by you. Will you agree to marry me?"

Shri started. She was not prepared for such a proposal. "My decision will be known to you tomorrow," she managed to say. The prince thanked her and went away.

Early in the morning Shri went to the queen and said, "I

have been here for several weeks. Kindly allow me to go back to my parents."

The queen soon arranged for a palanquin and bearers who carried her and all the gifts she had received, to her father's house.

After a month Shri married Chandrashekhar.

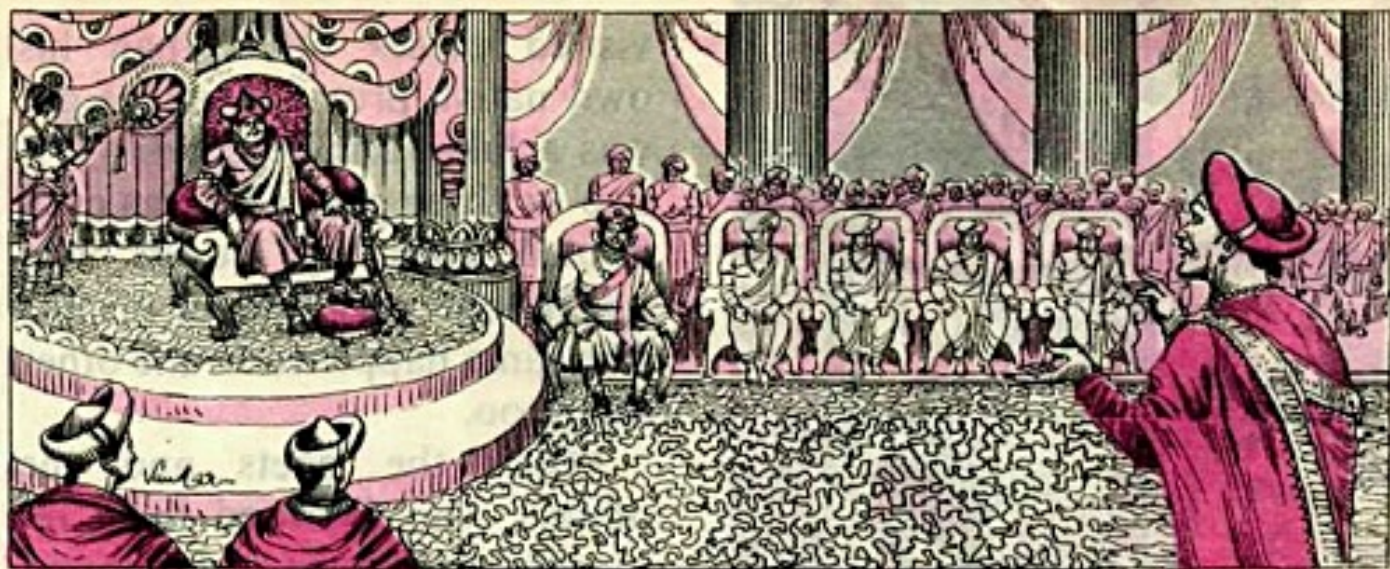
The vampire concluded the story here and asked the king in a challenging tone, "How could Shri prove so foolish as to refuse the prince's proposal? If she considered staying in the palace for a few days to be a great honour, how could she push aside a far greater honour that was offered to her? Answer my questions, O King, if you are intelligent enough to read Shri's mind. If you keep quiet despite your knowledge of the answer, you will fall dead, your

head shattered to pieces!"

Answered the king: "Far from being foolish Shri acted as a wise young lady. Although she enjoyed her stay in the palace, she never forgot that the honour was due to her talent. Suddenly she discovered that she was losing her ability when the prince requested her to compose a verse. To continue to remain in the palace would have meant the death of her talent. She had two loves—her own talent and Chandrashekhar. To accept the prince's proposal would have meant sacrificing both the loves."

No sooner had the king finished answering than the corpse gave him the slip. The king stood immobile for a moment. Then he made up his mind and turned and marched towards the tree he had left behind.





THE MOST POPULAR POET

Kamal Verma, the King of Chandragiri, was a great lover of art and literature. In his court assembled a number of gifted musicians, dancers, dramatists and literateurs. Among them were four poets: Nandakumar, Akshay Sharma, Krishna Shastri and Vanmohan. A large crowd flocked to hear them when they recited their poetry or competed with each other in composing verses on the spot.

The king was quite proud of them. But he wondered who among the four could be the most popular poet in the land. One day he put the question to his minister. "I want to appoint one of the four as the poet

laureate of my Kingdom. But I must choose the one who is most loved by the people," the King said.

"My lord! Let the poets tour our kingdom, separately. Our Officers will follow them in disguise. They will report to us which of the poets received the most enthusiastic public ovation. That will answer your question."

The king accepted the suggestion. Royal messengers ran across all the four provinces of the kingdom and announced about the visit of the poets.

The poets, touring individually, were more or less well received everywhere. But the most tumultuous welcome each one



of them received was in his own province. When Nandakumar reached his home town in the southern province, the town went festive. In a largely attended public meeting he was awarded the title, "The King of Poets". The same happened to the other three poets. The people of the northern province honoured Akshay Sharma as "The Poet Sovereign". Krishna Shastri earned the title of "The Poet Paramount" from the eastern province and Vanmohan was hailed as "The Crown of Poets" by his native province in the west.

But when Nandakumar

visited places other than his own native province, all he got was a lukewarm reception. At two or three places he was even hooted down by crowds who understood very little of his art. The same happened to the other three too.

When the poets and the officers who followed them returned to the court and reported to the king all that they had encountered, the king was puzzled. "Who then is the most popular poet? All have returned with titles equally pompous. Whom should I make the poet laureate?" he asked the minister and requested him to undertake a tour of the land and find out who was the poet loved most by the people.

The minister visited all the four provinces. In the south he heard Nandakumar being praised as the greatest poet in the land. Some of the scholars, in their zeal to prove Nandakumar's worth, bitterly criticised the other poets.

People of the other provinces praised their native poets with equal vigour.

The minister returned to the capital very much pensive. How should he provide the

king with an answer?

But as he entered his house, his eyes met a happy sight. His daughter had given birth to a son. She was fondling the babe, muttering, "O my sweet prince, my charming little prince!"

The minister's face brightened up. After a while he went to meet the king.

"Welcome, my minister," said the king and taking him aside, asked, "Who according to you is loved by the people most?"

"My lord, first answer an humble question of mine. Every mother looks upon her child as a prince or a princess. Are we to take the mother's sentiment as true?"

"That would be foolish," answered the king.

"That is exactly what has

happened in the case of the poets, my lord. Each one has been looked upon by his native people as the greatest poet. The people's verdict has arisen out of their sentiment, not out of their sense of poetic judgment. Let us honour all the four as our court-poets. If you make one of them the poet laureate, the people of his province will rejoice, but the people of the other three provinces will resent it. Better we follow the example of King Krishnadeva Raya who had the "Triumphant Eight"—eight great poets—in his court, enjoying equal royal patronage."

The king saw much sense in what the minister said. He declared the four poets as court poets and honoured them with gifts.





THE CANTER

In a certain town lived three young friends. We do not know what the townsfolk thought of them, but they were the cleverest lot in the town according to themselves!

One morning while the three sat in a tavern enjoying themselves with food, drink and gossip, they heard a strange announcement. It was about a demon that lived in the nearby jungle who from time to time swooped down upon the residents of the town and ate them up. The king announced that a fabulous reward awaited the man who should kill the demon.

The three young men felt tempted to try their luck. In fact, they were quite confident of their success. Armed with weapons they marched into the forest.

Soon they met an old man and began to ridicule him for

his infirmity. However, from this old man they learnt that the demon they looked forward to meet lay asleep in a cave.

A sleeping demon should be an easy game – they thought. Advancing farther, they soon saw the cave. It was dark in that part of the forest. Their breath suspended and heart in the gallop they peeped into the cave.

But what should they see? A mound of wealth – gold, diamond and all that!

Now the question was how to carry the wealth home. One of the three set out for the town to fetch a cart and some food. Others waited there, guarding the wealth. The demon faded off their mind.

But the two could not sit idly. They thought out a plan by which they could deprive their third friend of his share. And, as soon as the third friend returned, they jumped on to him

BURY TALES



and killed him. Then, before loading the cart with the wealth, they sat down to eat.

They sat down never to rise. For, the food their dead friend had brought was poisoned. He had planned to own the entire wealth.

The three friends lay dead. As a modern writer puts it, "The demon within them killed them, while they were seeking the demon without."

This is one of the finest stories of Geoffrey Chaucer, the English poet of 13th century, told in his *Canterbury Tales*. In seventeen thousand lines of verse he puts twentyfour stories into the mouths of a batch of pilgrims on their way to the holy town of Canterbury. Several of them are as charming as the one retold here. The book also includes a "Prologue" which gives brilliant character-sketches of the travellers.

THE MALI'S MONEY WAS SAFE!

Poor Bholaram served as a mali in the garden of a landlord who was a crooked man. The landlord's son was just like the father.

One evening, while Bholaram was working in the garden, a childhood friend of his met him and said, "Your mother-in-law, before dying, gave me this bag which contains her life-time's savings. Her instruction was that I hand this over to you."

Bholaram opened the bag and found that the amount it contained was quite big. He decided to go away to his village and open a shop. He hid the bag in the hollow of a banian tree, to take it out in the morning.

The landlord's son saw what Bholaram did. He stole away the bag and gave it to his father who was coming towards the garden, saying, "I found this bag in the garden!"

Next morning Bholaram took leave of the landlord and departed. In the evening the landlord was found to be sad and restless. "What is the matter?" his son asked him.

"I cannot find that bag," replied the landlord.

"Where had you kept it?" asked the son.

"In the hollow of the banian tree," replied the father.





A TRIAL FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

Saraswati was the only child of a landlord. She had lost her mother when a baby. Naturally, her father was extremely indulgent towards her.

Saraswati was sweet and innocent by nature. Every day, before the evening set in, she would go out to their family sanctuary situated on a hillock and pass an hour gazing at the beautiful sunset.

One evening, while sitting on the hillock, she marked that a young man was observing her from some distance. Thereafter she saw the young man every evening for several days. A week passed. One day the young man came near her and said, "My name is Bhupati.

And I know—you are Saraswati. To speak the truth, I am most eager to marry you. Will you please agree to satisfy my desire?

"You should talk about this to my father," said Saraswati, feeling shy, and she left the place.

Next day Bhupati met the landlord and expressed his desire to marry Saraswati. "I will give my decision after a few days. Please stay in my house for the time being," said the landlord.

During his stay in her house Bhupati mixed with Saraswati freely. It appeared that Saraswati was inclined to marry him.

But, after a few days, the landlord told Bhupati, "Young



man, it will not be possible for you to marry my daughter. You may go."

In the evening Bhupati met Saraswati on the hillock and said, "Perhaps you know that your father has asked me to go away. He will not allow us to marry."

"I know. I am sorry for it..." answered Saraswati.

"It is not enough to be sorry. Can't you flee with me?" proposed Bhupati.

"Such a thought had never occurred to me. Supposing I do as you say, how do you propose to maintain me?" asked Saraswati.

"I will take up some work somewhere and earn," said Bhupati.

"I can't say anything today. Let us meet tomorrow," said Saraswati and they parted.

Next evening Bhupati duly met Saraswati and asked, "What is your decision?"

"I am willing to go away with you. Let us start forthwith," was Saraswati's reply.

Both began to walk. They took to a path which passed through a forest. It was getting dark and Bhupati had no idea where to go. But soon Saraswati could see a beam of light coming from a solitary house in the forest.

Both went near the house. The main door was open. They entered and saw an old man relaxing in a room.

Bhupati peeped into the room. At that the old man said angrily, "What sort of conduct is it to enter my house without my leave?"

"I am sorry. But I seek refuge here for the night..."

"Not possible here. seek somewhere else," the old man dismissed Bhupati's appeal.

"I have a young lady with me. Should you not take pity on us?" Bhupati pleaded.

The old man calmed down. "All right," he said, "Let the lady sleep in the adjoining room which can accommodate only one. You may sleep on the verandah."

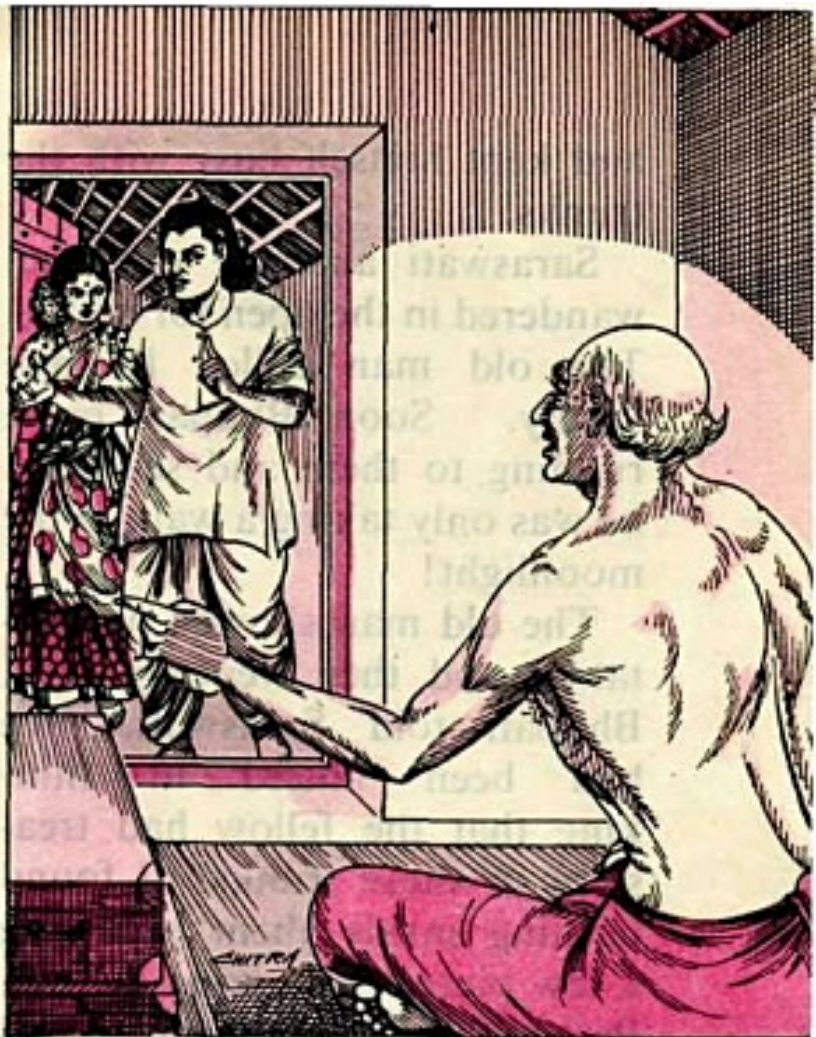
Bhupati agreed to the arrangement.

At midnight Bhupati woke up at some sound. He listened carefully and understood that the sound came from the old man's room. He walked stealthily up to the window and spied into the room.

There were three large trunks in the room. The old man was opening one after another and was scanning the content. He looked quite happy.

Early in the morning Bhupati told Saraswati what he saw at night. Then he whispered to her, "The old man should kick the bucket before long. What will happen to his wealth? Even now he does not make use of it, but gets satisfaction only by looking into it. There is no reason why we should not make the wealth ours and make proper use of it."

When the old man came out of his room at the daybreak, Bhupati told him, "Grandpa! You have to bear with us for one more night. Tomorrow we



will go away."

The old man reluctantly agreed to the request.

Bhupati spent the day roaming about while Saraswati remained in her room. At night all three went to sleep. But as planned between Bhupati and Saraswati, at midnight Saraswati called the old man out and said, "I don't see Bhupati anywhere. What might have happened to him? Will you please join me in looking for him?"

The old man and Saraswati went out of the house. As soon as they did so, Bhupati, who was hiding behind the door, sneaked into the old man's room

and kept himself busy with the trunks.

Saraswati and the old man wandered in the open for a little. The old man called Bhupati loudly. Soon Bhupati came running to them and said that he was only taking a walk in the moonlight!

The old man showed his irritation and then went to sleep. Bhupati told Saraswati, "We had been misled in thinking that the fellow had treasures in those trunks. I found nothing inside them excepting a few pieces of tattered clothes. Perhaps they belonged to his near and dear ones who are no more. The old man looks at them from time to time and feels happy."

"I knew very well that there were no treasures in them,"

said Saraswati, giggling.

"Why did you not tell me if you knew?" asked Bhupati, surprised.

"I wanted you to realise that all you cared for in this world was money. My father was right in his impression of you. He said that you desired to marry me because you had an eye on our property. Lest I should not believe him, he gave me a chance to find out the truth myself. The old man was sent here ahead of us by my father. This house also belongs to us. Now, you may go away. I wish you well, however."

When the day broke, Saraswati returned to her father's house in the company of the old man. Bhupati went the opposite way.



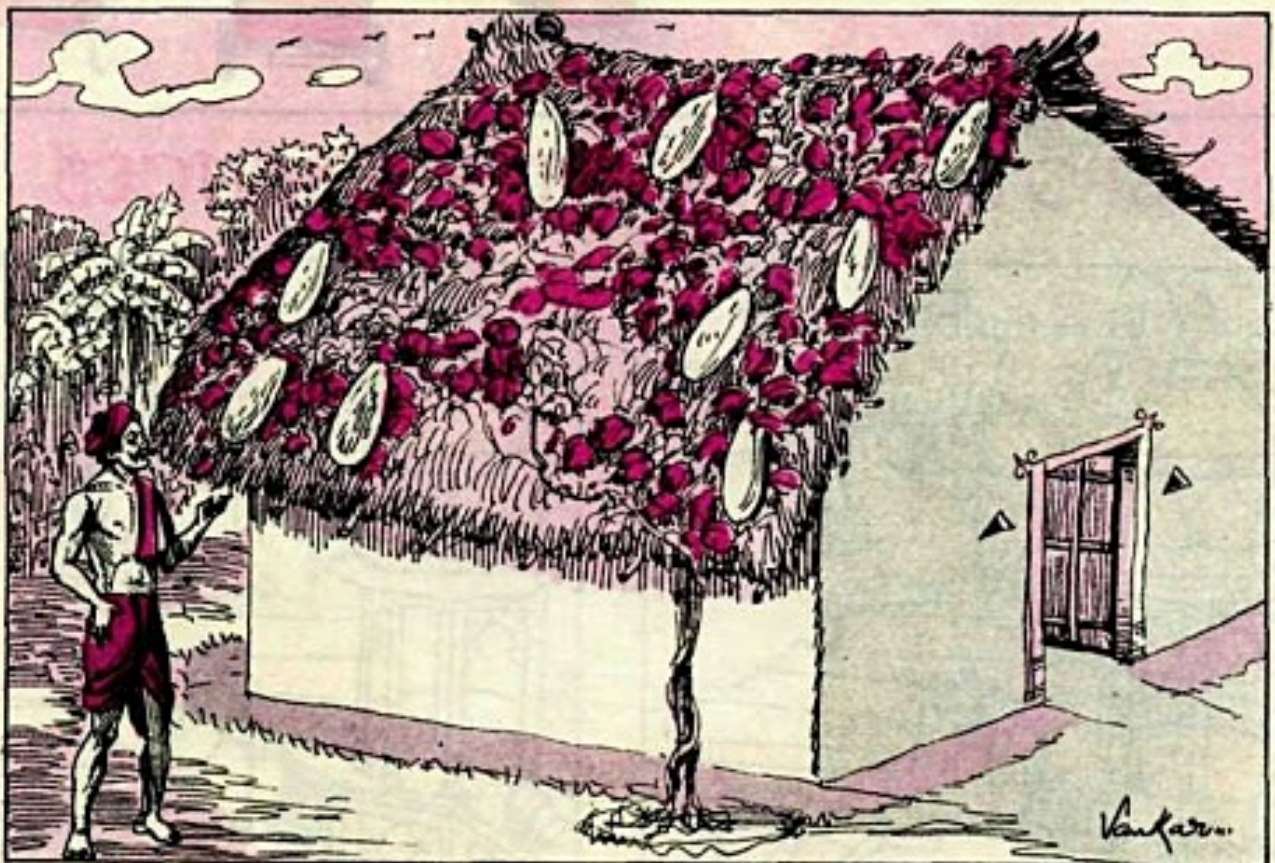
THE EMPTY SACK AT LAST!

A poor villager once planted a water-melon creeper near his hut. In a few months the creeper spread on the thatch of the hut and a number of fruits grew on it.

When the fruits were ripe, the villager carried them to the market. As soon as the watchman of the market saw the fruits, he picked up one from the sack. So did the market supervisor, the superintendent and their boss, each one showing red eyes to the poor man.

When all his fruits were gone, the villager went to the chief officer of the locality and complained to him about the behaviour of his subordinates.

"You audacious fellow, you have come to me with an empty sack, have you? Leave the sack for me and get out!" roared the officer.



PUZZLE TIME

See if you can guess which soap-box cart belongs to each boy before checking your answers by tracing along the tangled strings.



SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES





VEER HANUMAN

As advised by Mahodara, Kumbhakarna proceeded to meet Ravana. Several demons reached Ravana ahead of him and informed the demon king of Kumbhakarna's approach.

"I am glad that he has woken up. Usher him into my presence," said Ravana. And he looked delighted when Kumbhakarna entered his apartment.

While Kumbhakarna was going to meet Ravana, his gigantic stature attracted the eyes of the Vanaras who became visibly terrified at the sight. Rama too saw the ominous figure and observed the panic of his own soldiers. He asked Vibhishana, "What is that creature emerging like a huge black cloud?"

Answered Vibhishana, "He is Kumbhakarna, the son of Visravas. He had defeated Indra and Yama. No demon can be compared to him in physical prowess. Other demons are powerful by virtue of boons from some god or the other. But Kumbhakarna is mighty by his own merit. He had such a great appetite that he devoured a thousand different creatures as soon as he was born. All grew afraid of him. Some went and appealed to Indra to destroy this terrible being immediately. Indra applied his weapon, the thunderbolt, on him. But Kumbhakarna gave out such a terrific roar that even Indra was stunned. Kum-



bhakarna then plucked out one of the tusks of Indra's elephant, Airavata, and used it to plant a blow on Indra's chest.

The panic-struck Indra fled and met Brahma. He appealed to the great God to check the menace that was Kumbhakarna. Brahma called all the demons. They came. Among them was the young Kumbhakarna. Even Brahma felt a little scared at his sight. He at once pronounced, 'You monster! You will devour the whole creation if you continue to eat at this rate. I command you to remain asleep all the time forgetting your hunger.'

At this Ravana appealed to

Brahma 'Your word will not go in vain. But kindly amend it a little and let him remain awake at times.' Brahma accordingly decided that he should sleep for six months at a stretch and then wake up for a day before falling asleep again. For the one day he will remain awake after every six months, he will be at liberty to eat up whatever he gets at hand.

"Ravana, scared of you, has woken up this great demon untimely. He will begin gulping the Vanaras at once. I do not know how the Vanaras will fight him."

Rama realised the gravity of the situation. He instructed Neela to make a simultaneous assault on all the gates of the city. Accordingly Gavaksha, Sarava, Hanuman and Angada picked up huge blocks of stone and got ready to launch a fresh attack.

In the meanwhile Kumbhakarna arrived before Ravana and found the king pensive. Ravana came down from his seat and embraced Kumbhakarna with great excitement.

"My brother! What is the grave crisis you confronted that made you wake me up untimely? Why are you looking so sad?" Kumbhakarna asked.

"Great danger has befallen me. Ramachandra, with Sugriva and the latter's Vanara army, is giving us an adamantine battle. The Vanaras are spread all over the land. A number of demon heroes are killed in the meanwhile whereas all the Vanara heroes are going strong. Now, it is for you to save the land."

Kumbhakarna replied, "I remember our previous conference on this issue. You kidnapped Sita Devi. No wonder that we have to face the consequence. You should have listened to Vibhishana although he is younger than us. However, tell me what you desire me to do."

Ravana could not control his anger. He shouted, "Kumbhakarna! Do not forget that you are junior to me in age. It is the time for you not to give advice, but to show your courage."

"O King! It was keeping your welfare in mind that I said what I said. Forget all about it if I have hurt you. Be assured that I will destroy all your enemies. I will kill both Rama and Lakshmana and drive away the Vanara hordes. The demons who are sorry having lost their relatives will smile



again. And nobody can touch you as long as I am alive. Let me go out to the battle-field all alone."

But Mahodara checked him, saying, "Do not venture into the battlefield alone. Ramachandra has not spared several of our noted heroes. You must go to fight him properly prepared and assisted. You will not find many demons who will be ready to face the enemy. Most of our soldiers who have seen how Ramachandra gives battle are afraid of facing him."

Mahodara then told Ravana, "Let some of us go to face the enemy. If we succeed in killing Rama, that would be exce-



llent. If we fail you can spread a rumour that Ramachandra is killed. You can go to console Sita Devi on that account. You can order the demons to go festive. With all this if Sita Devi could be convinced that her husband was indeed dead, she might consent to marry you."

Kumbhakarna retorted angrily, "Stop your gibberish. It is on account of puny brains like you who depend for success on spreading pretty rumours, that Ravana is reduced to such a pitiable state. You cowards have done irreparable harm to Lanka. You do not have the courage to speak the truth to

your king's face. You think it is enough to flatter him. I must forthwith go to the battlefield to atone for your sins."

Ravana was happy. He said, "No doubt Mahodara is scared of wars. He forgets that you are no ordinary demon. However, I know what you are. There is none to be compared to you in valour and power. Do as you say. Proceed to the battlefield. I have no doubt that the Vanaras will flee at your sight."

Kumbhakarna soon took up arms. He then addressed Ravana and said, "As I announced earlier, I will like to go to the battlefield alone. I will return after eating up all the Vanaras. Let my army wait here."

"No. Let the army accompany you. The enemy is not to be taken for granted. The Vanaras have proved themselves extremely clever and crafty," Ravana said mildly.

Thereafter Ravana himself bedecked Kumbhakarna with ornaments. Both remained locked in embrace for a while. With Ravana's blessing, Kumbhakarna then advanced towards the battlefield. A big army followed him, playing martial music.

Kumbhakarna told his lieutenants on the way, "Vanaras are not my target. I don't mind their presence in Lanka. We have acres of wild forests for them to live in. I will wreak my vengeance on Ramachandra and Lakshmana."

The demons lustily cheered his announcement.

The Vanara soldiers began to turn their backs when Kumbhakarna appeared before them. Kumbhakarna felt elated at that.

When Angada saw the mood of the Vanaras, he shouted at them and said, "What happened to your glorious tradition of fighting and the zeal for the cause? Come back, I say. The gigantic figure you see before you is no living demon, but a dummy made to scare us away. We can easily destroy it."

The Vanaras gathered together again and got ready to fight Kumbhakarna. They attacked him as fiercely as mad elephants. But all the blows they gave by the help of huge boulders and bulky trees had no effect on Kumbhakarna. He killed the Vanaras mercilessly as he advanced. A large number of Vanaras retreated. Some of them jumped into the sea in



order to escape his clutch. Those who could, flew away to safety.

Again Angada had to shout at them, chide them and remind them of the glory that awaited them should they face the fearful demon. Hanuman too arrived on the spot. That put courage into the soldiers.

Hanuman took the lead in attacking the demons. He was followed by several prominent heroes such as Rishabha, Sarabha, Mainda, Dhumra, Neela Kumud, Susena, Gavaksha, and Tar, among others.

Kumbhakarna was engrossed in eating up the Vanaras. Dwividha hurled a stone-mound



aiming at his head. But it missed him and killed a horde of demons and destroyed their chariots. A second stone-mound from him brought further loss to the demons.

The demons too were doing their best to kill as many Vanaras as possible.

Whenever Hanuman hurled stones and trees at Kumbhakarna, the latter swept them aside by his trident before they could touch him. After a while Kumbhakarna rushed at the Vanara army. But in time did Hanuman throw a hillock at him.

It checked the great demon. He stood quiet for a moment,

bleeding profusely. Then, he threw his trident at Hanuman. It struck Hanuman on his chest and he swooned away.

Neela brought down yet another hillock on Kumbhakarna. But Kumbhakarna's clenched fist met the hillock in the air and reduced it to dust.

Then Rishava, Sarava, Neel Gavaksha and Gandhamadana together attacked the demon. But their joint operation did not prove much to the foe. He turned for a moment at each one of the five, fighting back. All the five soon lost their consciousness one after another.

Contd.

The strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone.

—HENRIK IBSEN

We must interpret a bad temper as a sign of inferiority.

—ALFRED ADLER



TIME ALLOWED TO RUN ITS COURSE!

Long ago there was a king who had a bee in his bonnet. He often wanted to do things according to his fancy and whim which could have wrought havoc in his kingdom. But, luckily, he had a wise minister who, somehow or the other, always saved the situation.

One day a false mendicant came to see the king. He looked into the king's eyes and said gravely, "My lord! I can see that you are nursing some fond ambition in your heart. If you tell me what it is about, I can perhaps help you to get it fulfilled."

The king was surprised. "O great soul!" he said, "I have no doubt that you can read what is written even in the deepest corner of one's heart. To be frank, I have an ambition to become an emperor. I often

curse my luck for having to pass my days as a mere king!"

"Ha! Ha!! I thought so," said the mendicant. "Let me see your horoscope and ascertain if there is any chance of your desire being realised."

The mendicant examined the king's horoscope and said, "I see, thirty years ago there was an auspicious time in your life when you could have become an emperor just for a little effort. But never mind if that chance is gone. Another similar chance is coming after thirty years. You will find yourself turned into an emperor without the least effort."

The king was overjoyed. He gave a lot of presents to the false mendicant who went away happy. A few days passed. The king found that it was becoming harder for him to

keep on counting days patiently. A novel idea flashed in his mind. He called all the astrologers of his kingdom and told them, "I want you to advance time by thirty years. Change the almanac accordingly."

The astrologers had never faced such a queer situation. They tried to explain to the king the absurdity of his order. But the king would not understand their arguments.

The astrologers met the minister and reported to him what transpired between the king and themselves. The minister at once appeared before the king and said, "My lord! Have you considered the consequence of your latest order?"

"What is there to consider about it?" asked the king.

"You are now fortyfive. If we advance time by thirty years, you should become seventyfive.

According to the tradition of our land, a king cannot continue to sit on the throne after he was seventy. Hence you must retire, leaving the throne to the crown-prince."

"I see! In that case, let the needful be done to push the time backward by thirty years!" the king said thoughtfully.

"If that is done, my lord, then you should be looked upon as a young lad of fifteen. And you know, a prince cannot occupy the throne unless he had completed twenty years of age!" reminded the minister.

The king's face looked gloomy. Then, with anxiety in his voice, he told the minister, "Please meet the astrologers before they disperse and tell them that if anybody does anything to change the almanac, he will be taken to severe task. Let the time run as it is running!"





The World of Magic

A STRANGE CONTENT IN THE BOTTLE

Many years ago there lived in a certain village a miser named Sukhvir. Money alone was his God. Nobody had ever heard of Sukhvir giving away a paisa in charity.

But his only son, Ramu, was a young man of different nature. He worked as an officer in a factory in the town. Only once in a while he visited the village. Particularly, after his mother's death, he had no charm for the house at all.

However, Sukhvir soon found out a suitable bride for Ramu. The bride, Sulata, came to Sukhvir's house with plenty of property as dowry, for, she was a wealthy man's daughter. But,

at her father-in-law's house, she was treated almost as a maid-servant. Sukhvir would employ no hand to assist her in the household chores. Nor would he allow her to go to live in the town with her husband.

Once or twice Ramu gave hints to Sukhvir that he would like to take Sulata to live with him in the town. But Sukhvir either did not understand the hint or pretended not to understand.

But Sulata's patience knew no bound. If she shed tears, she did so hiding from all.

She smiled only when her husband came from the town. But that was once in two or

three months and such was the nature of Ramu's job that he could not pass more than three or four days with his wife at a time.

One day news reached Sulata that her mother had fallen seriously sick and that she desired to see her. Sulata stood before her father-in-law and politely asked for permission to pay a visit to her parents.

"Never," shouted Sukhvir. "This is the time of harvest. I have employed four labourers to work in our fields. Who will cook for them if you go away?"

Sulata kept quiet, but not for

long. A messenger met her the next day and told her that unless she hurried to see her mother immediately, she might not be able to see her at all!

Sulata wept and pleaded with Sukhvir to let her go.

"But that is impossible!" shouted Sukhvir, "How can I manage without you?"

"There is nothing impossible, father, if there is a will there is way," said Sulata.

"That is nonsense," blurted out Sukhvir. He happened to hold a bottle. Dangling it before Sulata, he roared, "Suppose I have a will to thrust into this bottle a thing which is bigger



than the size of its mouth, can I do it?"

"Why not, father, if there is a will, there is a way!" answered Sulata in a feat of excitement.

Sukhvir grew so much angry that he could not speak for a while. Then he handed over the bottle to Sulata with these words, "All right. You may go to your father's house. But come back only after you have succeeded in putting something into this bottle which should be bigger than the circumference of its mouth. But you must not damage the bottle. Welcome if you can make this impossible possible. If you can't, you need not come back."

Sulata wiped her eyes and accepted the bottle.

But before going away, she demanded, "Father! I accept your condition. But, you too must accept the condition which I should propose."

"What is it?" asked Sukhvir, frowning.

"If I can do the impossible, you must allow me to go and live with my husband in the town," said Sulata.

"All right," Sukhvir said and dismissed her.

"Why have you brought an empty bottle with you, my



daughter?" asked Sulata's father and uncle when she appeared before them.

"This is not a bottle, but a notice that I am not to go back to my father-in-law's house," said Sulata. After she had met her mother who was recovering, she narrated to her father and uncle all that passed between herself and her father-in-law.

"Never mind, Sulata, rest in peace for a week. The impossible will be done," said Devdutt, Sulata's uncle, whose hobby was magic.

The same day Devdutt filled a glass-bowl with vinegar and kept an egg dipped in it. After

five days he brought the egg out. The egg was found to have grown soft and somewhat plastic. He stretched it and slowly pushed it into the bottle. Then he poured cool water into it. The egg returned to its normal shape and got hardened inside the bottle.

Sulata returned to her father-in-law's house. "Father! I have made possible what was impossible. Look at this egg inside the bottle!" she said joyously.

Sukhvir, taken aback, examined the bottle which was without a scratch. The egg was no doubt bigger than the circumference of its mouth!

"Father! You must keep your promise and allow me to go and live with my husband. I will arrange for a faithful cook to do the needful here. We will come once every month to see that the household ran all right," said Sulata.

Sukhvir had to agree.

The very next week-end, when Ramu came to the village, Sulata narrated to him all about her father-in-law's challenge and how she met the challenge. Ramu was very happy at Sulata's achievement. Soon he arranged to take Sulata to his lodge in the town. They lived happily.

—By A. C. Sorcer, Magician





THE MYSTERIOUS MENDICANT

Once a mendicant appeared before a king and said, "Pity, I know what is to be done, but don't know how to do it."

He appeared again the next day and repeated his statement. The king asked him, "How can I help you to solve your problem?"

"If you give me the money I need now, I will return the sum to you in due course; indeed, I will give you ten thousand times more than what you give me now," replied the mendicant.

The king at once ordered his treasurer to give the amount the mendicant needed. The king's minister did not approve of it. He whispered to the king,

"How to know that the man was not a cheat?" The king, however, did not pay any heed to the minister's warning.

As days went by, the king almost forgot about it. The minister, however, never excised the mendicant in his mind. He was certain that the innocent king had been swindled by the fake mendicant.

A year passed. The mendicant appeared before the king again and said, "My lord, give me some more time and more money. I am on the way to success."

"My lord! Instead of more time and money, this fellow deserves a term inside our jail," the minister whispered to the



king.

But the king instructed his treasurer to give the amount the mendicant needed and told the minister, "I feel that the man is no cheat. I can afford to take a risk."

Yet another year passed and the mendicant showed up in the royal court again. "My work is about to be complete. But I need a little more money."

"How dare you take advantage of our king's generosity?" blurted out the minister. "What have you done with all the money you have received so far?"

But the king did not lose

patience. He smilingly requested the minister to calm down and give the mendicant the money he desired.

The mendicant met the king six months later.

"Do you need still more time and money?" asked the minister harshly.

The mendicant did not reply to the question. He looked at the king and said, "My lord! My work is over. Be pleased to give me your company. You will come back feeling rewarded."

The king made preparations to accompany the mendicant.

"My lord! It is not wise to go out alone with a stranger. Take a few bodyguards with you," advised the minister.

"That might mar the work," cautioned the mendicant. "However, if the minister himself so desires, he may join us."

The mendicant led the king and the minister towards the seashore. A small boat awaited them there, with two boatmen ready to ply it. The mendicant asked the king and the minister to board it and himself did the same.

The minister was throwing his nervous looks in all directions. He put his hand on his sword

again and again. The mendicant took no notice of him or his uneasy conduct.

The boat reached a tiny island. The mendicant got off the boat and his two passengers followed suit.

"This seems like an enchanted island. May be, the mendicant wishes to perform some witchcraft by our help," the minister whispered to the king.

The tiny island was covered with ash. At its centre was an opening shut with a wooden plank.

"My lord! Go down into the underground chamber and see what is there," the mendicant

said, lifting up the plank.

The king did as advised. But the suspicious minister unsheathed his sword and holding the mendicant by his arm, said, "This sword will pierce through you if any harm befalls the king."

The mendicant showed no sign of fear. In a few minutes the king climbed out, looking surprised and delighted. He asked the minister to go down and see for himself what was there in the chamber.

The minister too returned equally delighted and surprised.

"What is all this? Wherefrom came such a heap of pearls?"



asked the king.

"My lord! I was a trader. Often I undertook voyages to various ports, in the course of which I came across this tiny island. I observed that cranes galore gathered here. During the time of ebb, they collected oysters from the mud around the island. Those were not ordinary oysters, but pearl-oysters. The cranes ate their meat and left the remains on the island. The remains included pearls.

"I had planned to collect those pearls. But suddenly, in an epidemic, my wife and children died. I developed an aversion for the worldly life and became a mendicant. But the pearls of this island haunted me. I realised that unless I take some step to put them to use, I will have no peace of

mind.

"With the money I received from you I bought a boat, hired two boatmen, and brought here sackfuls of ash. I spread the ash on the island. As soon as the cranes dropped their oysters on the ground, they were covered with ash. The cranes, unable to find them, brought more and more of them onto the island.

"I also dug the underground chamber and stored the pearls there. Now it is for you to continue the work. My only desire is that the wealth which I have discovered for you should be used for the benefit of your subjects. Now, my last attachment for the world is snapped."

The king and the minister expressed their gratitude to the mendicant who soon left for the forest.

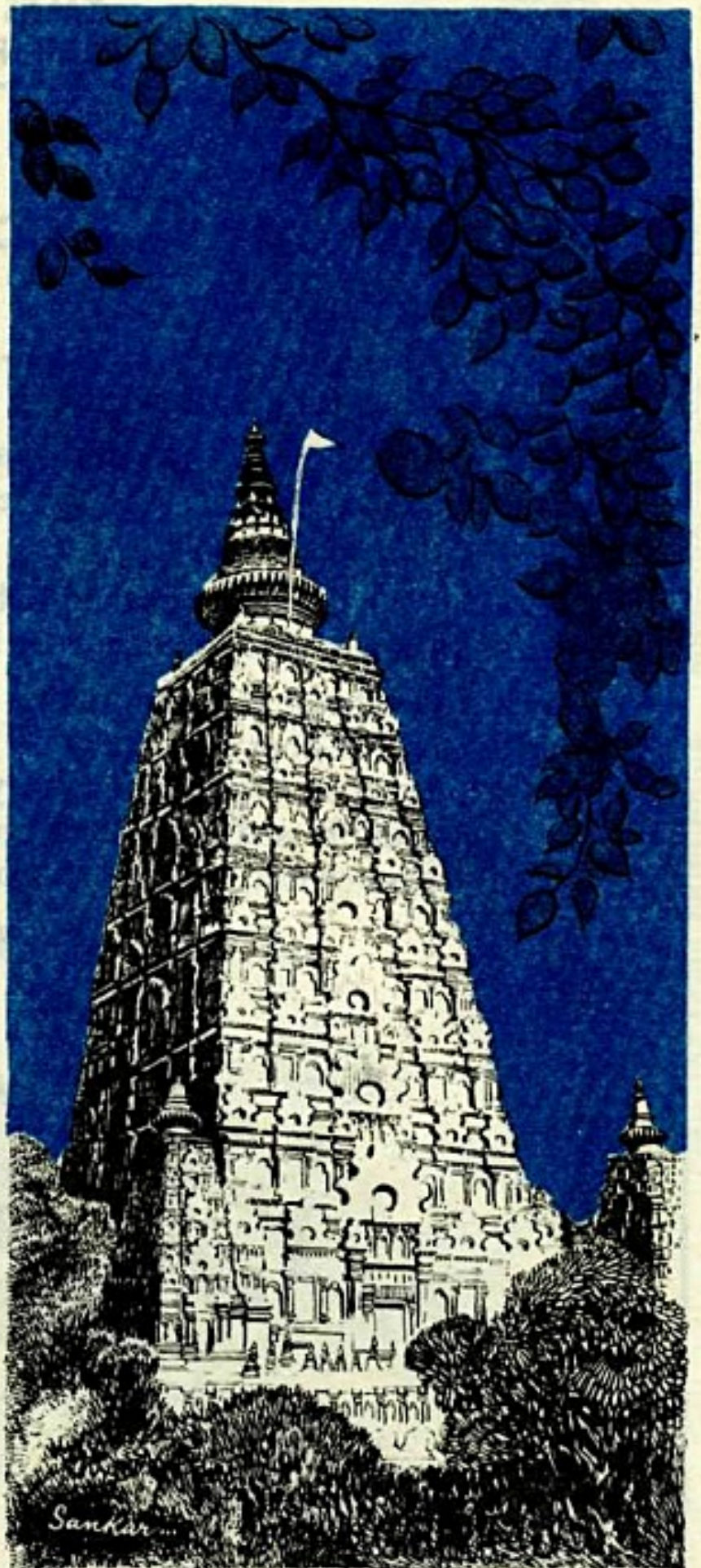


MONUMENTS OF INDIA

THE MAHABODHI TEMPLE

The place where Gautama Buddha sat in meditation and got the enlightenment is known as Bodh Gaya. Emperor Ashoka had built a temple there in memory of the great event. Over the ruins of that temple stands another temple now, 170 feet high, built in the 11th century. Famous as the Mahabodhi Temple, the monument has served as the model for the temple architecture of Burma, Nepal, Ceylon, and some other lands.

Several spots around the temple are associated with the Buddha and hence the highly sacred place draws a large number of pilgrims. There is a tree which is said to have descended from the very Bodhi tree under which the Buddha did his tapasya.





TALES BEHIND PROVERBS AND PHRASES

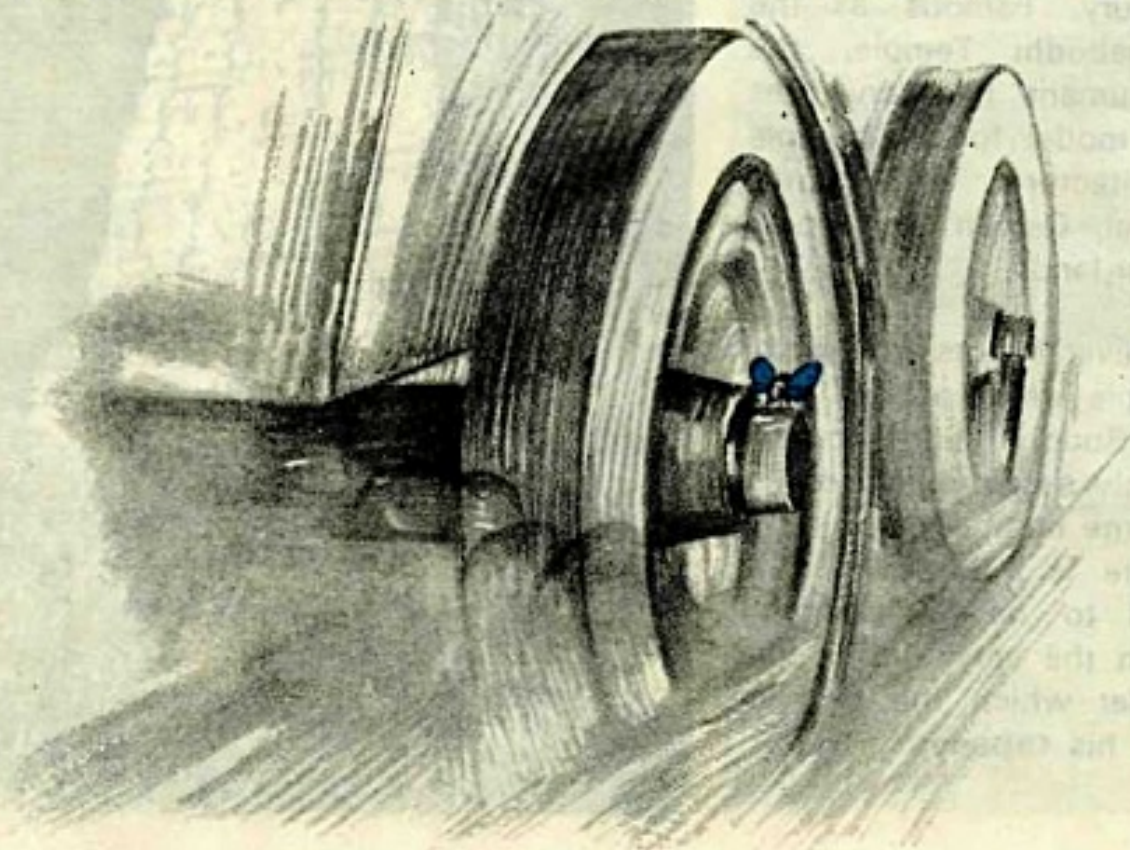
THE FLY ON THE COACH-WHEEL

Aesop tells us the story of a self-important fly which sits on a coach-wheel for a little ride.

The road was dusty. As the coach was driven on, dust rose and hung like clouds. The fly felt extremely flattered to observe the dust-mushrooms.

It said, "What a dust I make!" Obviously, it was under the exciting impression that the dust rose because of its weight!

It is not difficult to come across people who think very high of themselves, but who really do not matter. When such people belong to an organisation, they fancy that all the glory of the organisation is due to their genius. "He is like the fly on the coach-wheel," others say of such a fellow.





"We all like to read stories about giants. But do they really exist?"

*Jayshree R. Shawani,
Mint Street, Madras.*

"There were giants in the earth in those days," says the Bible (The Old Testament, Genesis) referring to a remote past. And for ages people have believed that giants did exist. Great writers have mentioned of them as confidently as if they had seen them, like Shakespeare who writes "O! it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." (Measure for Measure).

Ancient Literature and folktales describe the giants as somewhat similar to human beings in features, but huge and terrifying. Anthropologically there is no evidence of such beings having ever existed. But beasts of gigantic stature, monsters, certainly lived. Some of them perhaps live even today. Scientists and newsmen are still striving to know about the Loch Ness Monsters—a prehistoric giant species supposed to be living in a lake named Ness in Scotland.

These are the physical facts. But many believe that there are worlds which are not physical and there are beings which are supernatural. It is not easy or wise to dismiss the experience of great occultists and spiritual seekers who have seen such beings. In modern spiritual vocabulary they may be termed as the vital beings. Maybe, from time to time people have seen them and have described them in physical terms. Thus, they have been taken as physical beings.

Readers are welcome to send such queries on culture, literature or general knowledge which should be of interest to others too, for brief answers from the Chandamama.

CHOOSE A TITLE AND WIN A REWARD

(You are invited to choose a title for the following story and write it down on a post card and mail it to 'Story-title Contest', Chandamama, 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras 600 026, to reach us by the 20th of March. A reward of Rs. 25-00 will go to the best entry, which will be published in the May issue. Please do not use the same card for entering the photo-caption contest.)



The young, smart Vilas had paid a visit to his father-in-law's house. He was bragging about his numerous adventures before little Ravi and Shasi, the younger brother and sister of his wife.

"Once I aimed my gun in such a clever manner that I killed three birds at one shot!" Vilas said.

"That is wonderful!" Ravi and Shasi exclaimed.

"But I can perform far greater wonders!" Vilas informed them. "I can take an accurate aim even at a flying bird!"

Ravi and Shasi were stunned. Suddenly Ravi ran into his father's room and came out with a gun. "It is about evening now. Birds must be flying back to their nests. Let us go out to the riverside and see you shoot down a flying bird," he proposed.

Vilas had no other way than to take the gun and go out with Ravi and Shashi. On the riverbank they found a flock of birds flying overhead. Vilas took aim at one and fired. Seconds passed. Not even a feather came down.

But Vilas said gravely, "Look, Ravi and Shashi, there flies a dead bird. Such phenomena are known as miracles."

Result of Story Title Contest held in January issue

The prize is awarded to:

Mr. Alexander P.C.,

T.C. - 16/134 (1), Seneo Compound,

Nambucca, Kankar P.O.

Tiruvannamalai - 605 003

Winning Entry — 'WIT OUTWITS WISDOM'

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. N. Pakkiriswamy



Mr. Suryakant M. Dudhediya

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 20th MARCH
- Winning captions will be announced in MAY Issue.
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name address, age and post to:

**PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-600 026.**

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in January issue

The prize is awarded to:

**Mr. Felix De Souza,
24, Ashoka Road,
St. Thomas Town,
Bangalore-560 005.**

Winning Entry — 'Artwork on Palms' — 'Palms on Net-work'

Printed by B. V. REDDI at Prasad Process Private Ltd., and Published by B. VISWANATHA REDDI for CHANDAMAMA CHILDREN'S TRUST FUND (Prop. of Chandamama Publications) 2 & 3, Arcot Road, Madras 600 026 : Controlling Editor : NAGI REDDI

Statement about ownership of CHANDAMAMA (English)

Rule 8 (Form VI), Newspapers (Central) Rules, 1956

- | | | |
|---|-----|---|
| 1. <i>Place of Publication</i> | ... | 'CHANDAMAMA BUILDINGS'
2 & 3, Arcot Road
Vadapalani, Madras-600 026 |
| 2. <i>Periodicity of Publication</i> | ... | MONTHLY
1st of each calendar month |
| 3. <i>Printer's Name</i> | ... | B. V. REDDI |
| <i>Nationality</i> | ... | INDIAN |
| <i>Address</i> | ... | Prasad Process Pvt Limited
2 & 3, Arcot Road, Vadapalani
Madras-600 026 |
| 4. <i>Publisher's Name</i> | ... | B. VISWANATHA REDDI |
| <i>Nationality</i> | ... | INDIAN |
| <i>Address</i> | ... | Chandamama Publications
2 & 3, Arcot Road, Vadapalani
Madras-600 026 |
| 5. <i>Editor's Name</i> | ... | NAGI REDDI |
| <i>Nationality</i> | ... | INDIAN |
| <i>Address</i> | ... | 'Chandamama Buildings'
2 & 3, Arcot Road, Vadapalani
Madras-600 026 |
| 6. <i>Name & Address of individuals who own the paper</i> | ... | CHANDAMAMA CHILDREN'S TRUST FUND
Beneficiaries:

1. B. V. HARISH
2. B. V. NARESH
3. B. V. L. ARATI
4. B. L. NIRUPAMA
5. B. V. SANJAY
6. B. V. SHARATH
7. B. L. SUNANDA
8. B. N. RAJESH
9. B. ARCHANA
10. B. N. V. VISHNU PRASAD
11. B. L. ARADHANA |

All Minors—by Trustee :

M. UTTAMA REDDI, 9/3, V.O.C. Street, Madras 600 024

I, B. Viswanatha Reddi, hereby declare that the particulars given above are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

1st March 1977

B. VISWANATHA REDDI
Signature of the Publisher

Chandamama Camlin Colour Contest Results No. 6 (English)

1st Prize: Jai. V. Mahagaonkar, Bombay. **2nd Prize:** Sangeeta Guha Thakurta, Bombay. **3rd Prize:** G. N. Chitra David, Madurai. **4th Prize:** D. Hemanth Kumar, Hyderabad. Sachin Galgaliker, Bombay. Deedar Roorigues, Bombay. Rajiv R. Menon, Bombay. Kadakuntla Srinivas, Jagtial. **5th Prize:** Lata M. Motwani, Bombay. Sonal Chah, Bombay. K. P. Kamala, Bombay. Sadhana Girglani, Hyderabad. Arun Rao, Bombay. A. Raju, Hyderabad. Master Darryl A. Pinto, Bombay. Umesh, Secunderabad. Rajatendu Biswas, Calcutta. Prakash C. Jaisingh, Bombay.

If you are a Subscriber . . .

We have many thousands of subscribers to CHANDAMAMA magazines, so all the envelopes have to be addressed by the 5th of the preceding month. So, you can see, it is very important that we are informed promptly of any change of address to ensure you receive your copy of the magazine without any delay.

DOLTON AGENCIES
'Chandamama Buildings'
MADRAS - 600 026

AN EDUCATIONAL SERIES FOR CHILDREN.

LET US KNOW
INDIA [1]



Rs 5 each

LET US KNOW
INDIA [2]



'LET US KNOW INDIA' is a continuing series that supplements school History and Geography. This fully illustrated series is planned and designed to arouse the child's curiosity, hold his interest and widen his general knowledge.

4 volumes

now available at all book-sellers, or
INDIA BOOK HOUSE, Secunderabad 3
(for V.P.P. orders only)

**Special
introductory
offer**

**Rs. 54
for 12 volumes**
(Inclusive of postage)

INDIA BOOK HOUSE MAGAZINE CO.

249, D. N. Road, Bombay 400001.

Name

Address

Please register my subscription for 'Let us know India' Enclosed is
M.O./P.O./D.D. for Rs. 54.

BUBBLE GUM



BONANZA



NP

007
**BUBBLE GUM &
DUBBLE
BUBBLE GUM**

IT'S JUST GREAT BLOWING
Bubble after Bubble after Bubble...

**FROM THE PIONEERS
THE BEST ALWAYS**



THE NATIONAL PRODUCTS
BANGALORE 560 006.

Dattaram-NP-5



Remember the
 'appiest day of your
 life? People said you were
 the loveliest bride they'd
 seen in years. Your daughter is
 planning to get married next week.
 How wonderful to have an albumful
 of memories - taken with your **CLICK-III**



Click III

The aim-and-shoot camera.



Distributors:
AGFA-GEVAERT INDIA LIMITED
 Merchant Chambers, 41 New Marine Lines, Bombay 400 020.
 Branches: Bombay • New Delhi • Calcutta • Madras
 ® Registered Trademark of Agfa-Gevaert, Antwerp/Leverkusen
 Manufacturers of Photographic Products.

Made by: **THE NEW INDIA INDUSTRIES LTD., Baroda • Bombay**

PRICE
Rs. 70.25
 (Inclusive of
 excise duty.
 Local
 taxes extra)



81MOES/AG/11/75



Your ring I cannot find,
I must have
left it behind



Oh wise and gracious king,
In a fish we found this ring



For this,
name your
reward or price



Thanks...
but POPPINS
will be nice

Awaking from the dream
they found—poppins, Amar Chitra Kathas
lying around



Dear friends,
Just for wrappers few,
These comic books are
all for you



FREE
exciting
Amar Chitra Katha comics
in exchange
for 20 Poppins or
Gobblins wrappers

LICKABLE LIKEABLE LOVABLE

PARLE
POPPINS
FRUITY SWEETS



- Comics available:
- | | |
|------------------|------------------|
| 1. Shakuntala | 6. Padmini |
| 2. Rana Pratap | 7. Jataka Tales |
| 3. Shiva Parvati | 8. Valmiki |
| 4. Bheeshma | 9. Tarabai |
| 5. Banda Bahadur | 10. Ranjit Singh |

Available in:
English-Hindi-Marathi-Gujarati
Send the wrappers along with your
name and address and indicate Comic
Number(s) and language to:

Parle Products Pvt. Ltd., Nirlon House, 254-B, Dr. Annie Besant Road, Bombay 400 025.